

The Trumpeter
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Lesson for a God

*“The first precaution of
intelligent tinkering is
to save the cogs and wheels.”*
--Aldo Leopold

Starflowers out in thousands on the trail,
Badges of northwest spring, with ringing thrush
And robin and the keen fresh beams
That slant to me this early Sunday morning.
I drop to my knees in bright new bracken fern

To ponder the flowers, their five-point petals
On spidery filament, wondering whimsically
What system of invisible beings might
Need them for shelter, food, even beauty.
I snip one off for the vase above my sink:

Instantly a tiny tremor in my hand,
Woods go hushed, the light seems dimmer
As if somebody's sun had just exploded.
I drop it, rise, move on. Much later
The broken peace of forest heals behind me.

Richard Arnold